Synchronicity July 20th 1969
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Man's first step on the moon. I was getting a ride in a transport truck from Moncton, New Brunswick to St. John's Newfoundland and we stopped at a roadside restaurant in the town of Deer Lake. The driver and I got out of the cab of the truck and walked into the diner. Just as I stepped over the threshold of the front door, I looked up at the Black & White T.V. and as I put my right foot down on the floor, the astronaut put his foot down on the moon, from the Lander. Total synchronicity. I can still picture it clearly in my mind as if it was today. Oh wait! It was fifty years ago today! It was a long trip to St. John's after that. I had had a one car trip from Woodstock, Ontario to Moncton before getting the lift in the transport. The truck driver had only two tapes for music to listen to: Johnny Cash and Hank Snow.

I met a girl my age in St. John's named Tiia Peper. Ten years later while living in North York at E.P. Taylor's Windfield's Estate, I went into my Doctor's office and on the wall I saw a patient file of someone in the next room. It had the name Tiia Peper! I called her up and it was the same girl. She was ticked about the lack of confidentiality at the Doctor's but apparently I wasn't. We were both 29 at the time. Synchronicity. My wife, Susan, and I went to the CN Tower around the same time and a childhood friend from Grade 5 from Stephenville, Newfoundland, Diane French, was a hostess at the CN Tower. Our daughter was born on August 6th, 1975, the same day the CN Tower was opened to the public. Both synchronicity, one major and one minor.

Synchronicity to put it simply, is two unrelated events traveling along parallel lines and at some point in time, cross and travel on. It is more than just coincidence. In a small way you could fit in Six Degrees of Separation and maybe the Butterfly Effect. Carl Jung talked about a part of Synchronicity as premonitions as well.

It happens to everyone. In 1978 my parents went to Greece on a world tour. While they were visiting the Parthenon, they heard a young child crying on the opposite side. Upon further investigation they discovered it was a fellow teacher colleague of my mother's from Woodstock Collegiate in Woodstock, Ontario. She was on vacation at the same time and neither knew of each other's plans. Ten years later while I was on my way to work at the University of Toronto Bookstore, I climbed the TTC Subway stairs at College Street just west of University Avenue. I looked up and saw two tourists facing away from me at the top of the stairs. I knew they were tourists because there was a map of Alabama on the red vests that they were wearing. I welcomed them to Canada and Toronto and told them that I was originally from Alabama and that I had been in Canada since 1953. I asked them what part of Alabama they were from and the elderly lady said they were a senior's RV Club from Clay County, Alabama. I told them that both my parents were from Lineville and Ashland in Clay County. Looking astounded, the lady said she knew my parents and had actually gone to school with my mother! Synchronicity again and again.

That same year, my parents were visiting the family at our home on Lynvalley Crescent in Scarborough. I had to go to the corner store to get something. While I was in conversation with the store owner, I asked him where he was originally from. He said he and his family were from a small town called Anyang, South Korea. I payed for my purchase and immediately went home and told my father. I got a photo from his Korean War photo album. It was a picture of him as a Capt at the time in 1952. It was a photo someone had taken of him smiling and standing in front of a row of houses in the town. When I showed it to the store owner, he pointed to a house just

behind my Dad and exclaimed, “that’s my Uncle’s house!” Is that more Six Degree’s or Synchronicity? Fifteen years later I had an online pen pal from Cuzon City in the Phillippines where my father had visited after the end of WWII. She had the same birthday as my Dad, February 14th. Were these my parent’s Synchronicity’s or mine? Everyone in my family, except my Mother, was either born or died on a holiday date. No crossing of lines so probably coincidence and not so much Synchronicity.

This one that happened to me was full term Synchronicity. These crossing of the parallel lines generally have little or no meaning, they just occur. In 1967 I was working as a volunteer with the Ontario Lands and Forests as a Junior Forest Ranger. After a couple of weeks, a few of got restless from having to stay in the Whitefish Lake Camp and took a canoe out onto the lake. The three of us were about half way across the lake when three girls our age (17) approached us in another canoe. As was the way of things in those days, one of our first questions we asked was what was their birthday? There were two sisters, Joanne & Vicki Armour and their friend from the Kentucky USA, Margaret Brown. Margaret revealed that she was born almost to the hour, on the same day, month, and year that I was! We never connected as more than friends and only for that summer so that “moment in time” occurred and died at that moment and meant nothing more than a memory for both of us. True Synchronicity.

The world is full of these “more than coincidences”, these Synchronicity’s on the radio, television, magazines, and newspapers. Keeping within the same time frame, several years ago a couple was being interviewed on a talk show for one reason or another. He related a story of having dinner at his, then, fiancé’s house. He said that in 1967 when he was five years old, he was running around Expo 67 in Montreal, Quebec. While running around aimlessly, he ran full force into a very pregnant woman. She went into labor and gave birth to a baby girl that same day at Expo 67. His fiancé’s Mother was surprised and stated that twenty years earlier, in 1967, she was the pregnant woman he had run into and now he was marrying that girl, now 20.

Take the time in “a moment in time.” For years I have worked two different midnight shifts at Canada Post. A 4 hour part-time and 8 hour full-time shift and have had to wake and sleep consistently to maintain my schedule. Whenever I woke up it seemed to me to be mostly the same times such as: 401, 402, 403, 911, 711. Well coincidence? The 400 numbers are the Provincial highways and 911 while the emergency number was also the Twin Towers destruction in 2001. A bit weak for a premonition. The 711 I woke up to regularly I thought was for the corner store by the same name but after a run in with the law in 2009, it is the address of the Detention Center in London Ontario, 711 Exeter Road. A bit weak for a premonition as a close friend of my daughters, was also a musician and recorded a song on his first album using one of my poems. He worked at the local 711, so I’m thinking coincidences.

Some Synchronicity has meaning but most don’t. They just occur if you take the time to pay attention. Take the entire life’s purpose of a tree along the sidewalk you walk down everyday. A leaf falls from the tree and lands stem first on the tip of your nose. No meaning. Just existence for that moment in time. Observe your past, someone else’s past, the multiple presents that reach out like one of Viktor Frankel’s ‘Paradoxical Intention’ where by we are all searching for something; someone, love, money, friendship, or whatever but we forget to look behind us to see if someone is looking for us. They reach out to touch us, to connect, to run parallel for a while, tap us on the shoulder and intersect even for a brief time.